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CARLYLE'S LIFE OF STERLING.*

This book proves several things. First, the genial fertile nature of the poet Sterling; second, the aggregate in favor of human happiness in a life vexed and disturbed beyond the lot of most men, and not least, among others, the fine biographic faculties of Thomas Carlyle. His Life of Sterling is a rare work, rarely conceived and rarely executed. With the exception of some occasional pages of Carlylism, which are obtruded upon the reader, it is a highly felicitous re-awakening of the life of its subject. The perceptive and constructive powers of Carlyle in this respect are well known. Everybody is, or should be, acquainted with the firm, feeling manner in which he has written, in an essay, the life of the poet Burns. Some of his finest instincts in this way, philosophies and studies which have passed into instincts, are the etchings of biography in the Life and Letters of Cromwell. If we get but a glimpse of a man in Carlyle's better style, we are apt to hold on to him. But we confess we were not prepared for so thorough, minute, pains-taking, loving a picture as he has drawn of his friend John Sterling. In its repeated touches, its outlay of personal respect, its wealth of association, its reverence for every particle of the life of a departed companion, we know nothing to compare it with more naturally than Tennyson's tribute to Hallam, "In Memoriam." That was a poet's, this is a philosopher's monument to friendship.

In 1848 a Life of Sterling, with a collection of his writings, was published by Archdeacon Hare, who was an old college and life-long friend of the poet, and with whom Sterling had been associated as curate to the rectory of Herstmonceux. It was universally, we believe, conceded that this life was an amiable picture of the man; it was alleged, on the part of many of Sterling's friends, that it was quite too theological;

that it was written almost entirely from the clerical point of view. Sterling had left his curacy after a short occupation of eight months, ostensibly from ill health, but, as Carlyle suggests, from the progress of free-thinking speculations. His mind went through various changes, which appear to have led him further and further from the church. Archdeacon Hare, regarding his religious life in the church as the heart of the man's career, maintains this central view, accounting for all aberrations from it by references to temperament, studies, ill health, palliating, extenuating, but clearly pointing out what he conceives erroneous—so that his biography, in a great measure, falls into the class of special religious church biographies.

Carlyle, too, was a friend of Sterling, looking upon his temperament as rather artistic than strongly devotional, and it being his opinion that the further off the poet got from the church the nearer he was to truth and nature, he naturally conceived a different sort of memoir, in which the man should play a predominant, universal part, while the church should be considered but an unfortunate episode. This is the grand Carlyle separation from Archdeacon Hare. In his own protest against Hare's book, and the general course it has taken with reviewers, especially in the religious press—"The noble Sterling, a radiant child of the empyrean, clad in bright auroral hues in the memory of all that knew him—what is he doing here in the inquisitorial *sanbenito*, with nothing but ghastly spectralities prowling round him, and inarticulately screeching and gibbering what they call their judgment on him."

Sterling's, though mainly a literary life, was one of much vicissitude. He was perpetually in motion, mentally and bodily, changing ideas and changing place. At first his migrations were dependent upon the unsettled life of his father, Captain Sterling, who subsequently became the celebrated editor and proprietor of the *Times*, and in after years he was a wanderer to France, the West Indies, Madeira, and Italy, in search of health, as a consumptive, flying from the harsh climate of England. This requires in the book a continual shifting of scenery. Carlyle clearly and faithfully follows every movement with exemplary patience, plucking every hastily-grown flower by the way, building up faster than time or occasion destroys. Of his mental migrations we have upon the whole, excepting always a fit of Scotch fury, a tremendous dithyrambic in the old style, on page 126, at the church episode, a genial picture. When the friend is appealed to we have something more, a warm-hearted pathos.

It is difficult to detach passages from such a work without injury to the gems or the setting. We can only give such sentences as we might read aloud separately; there are others which sound would seem impertinent to; these we shall leave in the privacy of the book.

A steady trait of the Carlyle biography (which is upon the whole the best since the

days of Dr. Johnson in force and grasp) is to look around and see in what scenery the man is placed. As soon as Sterling is fixed in any of his numerous flittings, Carlyle opens the window for a view of the landscape or neighborhood. A Welsh residence of Captain Sterling, in the future poet's childhood, is thus charmingly described:—

LLANBLETHIAN.

"Llanblethian hangs pleasantly, with its white cottages, and orchard and other trees, on the western slope of a green hill; looking far and wide over green meadows and little or bigger hills, in the pleasant plain of Glamorgan; a short mile to the south of Cowbridge, to which smart little town it is properly a kind of suburb. Plain of Glamorgan, some ten miles wide and thirty or forty long, which they call the Vale of Glamorgan—though properly it is not quite a Vale, there being only one range of mountains to it, if even one: certainly the central Mountains of Wales do gradually rise, in a miscellaneous manner, on the north side of it; but on the south are no mountains, not even land, only the Bristol Channel, and far off, the Hills of Devonshire, for boundary—the 'English Hills,' as the natives call them, visible from every eminence in those parts. On such wide terms it is called Vale of Glamorgan. But called by whatever name, it is a most pleasant fruitful region; kind to the native, interesting to the visitor. A waving grassy region; cut with innumerable ragged lanes; dotted with sleepy unswept human hamlets, old ruinous castles with their ivy and their daws, grey sleepy churches with their ditto ditto: for ivy everywhere abounds; and generally a rank fragrant vegetation clothes all things; hanging, in rude many-colored festoons and fringed odoriferous tapestries, on your right and on your left, in every lane. A country kinder to the sluggard husbandman than any I have ever seen. For it lies all on limestone, needs no draining; the soil, everywhere of handsome depth and finest quality, will grow good crops for you with the most imperfect tilling. At a safe distance of a day's riding lie the tartarean copper-forges of Swansea, the tartarean iron-forges of Merthyr; their sooty battle far away, and not, at such safe distance, a defilement to the face of the earth and sky, but rather an encouragement to the earth at least; encouraging the husbandman to plough better, if he only would.

"The peasantry seem indolent and stagnant, but peaceable and well-provided; much given to Methodism when they have any character;—for the rest an innocent good-humored people, who all drink home-brewed beer, and have brown loaves of the most excellent home-baked bread. The native peasant village is not generally beautiful, though it might be, were it swept and trimmed; it gives one rather the idea of sluttish stagnancy—an interesting peep into the Welsh Paradise of Sleepy Hollow. Stones, old kettles, naves of wheels, all kinds of broken litter, with live pigs and ceteras, lie about the street: for as a rule no rubbish is removed, but waits patiently the action of mere natural chemistry and accident; if even a house is burnt or falls, you will find it there after half a century, only cloaked by the ever-ready ivy. Sluggish man seems never to have struck a pick into it; his new hut is built close by on ground not encumbered, and the old stones are still left lying.

"This is the ordinary Welsh village; but there are exceptions, where people of more culti-

* The Life of John Sterling. By Thomas Carlyle. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

vated tastes have been led to settle; and Llanblethian is one of the more signal of these. A decidedly cheerful group of human homes, the greater part of them indeed belonging to persons of refined habits; trimness, shady shelter, white-wash, neither convenience nor decoration has been neglected here. Its effect from the distance on the eastward is very pretty: you see it like a little sleeping cataract of white houses, with trees overshadowing and fringing it; and there the cataract hangs, and does not rush away from you."

That is idyllic and picturesque. Here is another, a townward view from Coleridge's windows at Highgate, a spot much frequented by Stirling, who acquired there many of his church inclinations:—

COLERIDGE'S WINDOW.

"The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitement of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving, blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum: and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable liminary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward—southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not you but the city."

The chapter from which this is taken gives Carlyle's view of Coleridge's conversation in his latter days. Carlyle was a visitor at Highgate; this is his graphic description of the illustrious inmate:—

COLERIDGE BY CARLYLE.

"The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kantian province; and how he sung and snuffled them into 'om-mject' and 'sum-mject,' with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

"To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature; how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you!—I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers—certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere; you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation; instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way—but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses; and ever into new; and before long into all the Universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any.

"His talk, alas, was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution: it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfillments—loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself! He had knowledge about many things and topics, much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its 'sum-mjects' and 'om-mjects.' Sad enough; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner.

"Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmey sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible—on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words; till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent artistically expressive words you always had; piercing radiance of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of noble pious sympathy, recognisable as pious though strangely colored, were never wanting long: but in general you could not call this aimless, cloud-capt, cloud-based, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of 'excellent talk,' but only of 'surprising'; and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt's account of it: 'Excellent talker, very,—if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion.' Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasm in him, contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humor: but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantian haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking

and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The meaning sing-song of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling.

"In close colloquy, flowing within narrower banks, I suppose he was more definite and apprehensible; Sterling in after times did not complain of his unintelligibility, or imputed it only to the abstruse high nature of the topics handled. Let us hope so, let us try to believe so! There is no doubt but Coleridge could speak plain words on things plain: his observations and responses on the trivial matters that occurred were as simple as the commonest man's, or were even distinguished by superior simplicity as well as pertinency. 'Ah, your tea is too cold, Mr. Coleridge!' mourned the good Mrs. Gilman once, in her kind, reverential, and yet protective manner, handing him a very tolerable though belated cup. 'It's better than I deserve!' snuffled he, in a low hoarse murmur, partly courteous, chiefly pious, the tone of which still abides with me: 'It's better than I deserve!'

"The truth is, I now see, Coleridge's talk and speculation was the emblem of himself: in it as in him, a ray of heavenly inspiration struggled, in a tragically ineffectual degree, with the weakness of flesh and blood. He says once, he 'had skirted the howling deserts of Infidelity'; this was evident enough: but he had not had the courage, in defiance of pain and terror, to press resolutely across said deserts to the new firm lands of Faith beyond; he preferred to create logical fatamorganas for himself on this hither side, and laboriously solace himself with these.

"To the man himself Nature had given, in high measure, the seeds of a noble endowment; and to unfold it had been forbidden him. A subtle lynx-eyed intellect, tremulous pious sensibility to all good and all beautiful; truly a ray of empyrean light—but imbedded in such weak laxity of character, in such indolences and esuriences, as had made strange work with it. Once more, the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will."

We have much more to produce from this volume, which we must adjourn to another week.

GROTE'S GREECE.*

(THIRD PAPER.)

WHEN we last took leave of Mr. Grote, he had brought us down to the beginning of historical history. Yet even here we are not quite on firm land. Institutions may be certain, but personages are still somewhat dubious. The ascendancy of Argolis in the Peloponnesus is the first great fact. She soon yielded to the Lacedæmonians, and the two great rivals and opponents in manners and education, as well as on the field of battle, are brought upon the stage—Athens and Sparta.

In the combination of pure intellect and artistic faculty, the Athenians have never been surpassed. Positive philosophy they had little of; that belongs to a later stage of the civilized world. Their imaginations were active, their observations of Nature not accurate, their scientific speculations therefore mostly fanciful. But in literature they shone unrivalled, for literature in most cases springs forth full grown and armed, like Pallas Athene from the head of Zeus; while science mounts inch by inch, year after year, from the puny dwarf to the majestic giant. Proud of their valor and physical capacity, they were no less proud of their accomplishments and refinement. They had their idea of education—an idea which

* History of Greece. By George Grote. Vols. VI, VII. Boston: Jewett & Co.

some semi-literate people nowadays lay claim to as an original discovery—the developing of all the faculties, intellectual and physical. *Muse-ion* (*μουσειον*), the culture of the Muses, the acquisition of all art, and knowledge of all literature, and gymnastics, the acquisition of all bodily accomplishments—these formed the *curriculum* of their schools. Vulgarities was to be avoided as much as cowardice—not only the vulgarity of rusticity, but also that of wasteful ostentation. “We cultivate the beautiful without extravagance,” says their illustrious panegyrist* ; “we practise philosophy without growing effeminate.” The young Athenian was to be *καλὸς καγαθὸς*—a gentleman and a scholar, and an athlete into the bargain.

And truly this *unmixed development* system worked wonders. Very handsome were the Athenians, very strong, very brave, endlessly clever; orators and poets had they as well as generals, painters and statuaries as well as statesmen. But unfortunately there were other things developed in addition to the beauty and the talents. The weeds grew up as luxuriantly as the flowers, always tainting, sometimes choking them. There were evil imaginations developed, and unruly passions; there were sensual propensities and intellectual pride. Vices were cultivated that sank man below the brute. Statutes were made, unmade, and remade, till all consistent legislation was hopelessly perplexed, and the very demagogues confessed in bitterness of spirit that bad laws without innovation were better than good ones without stability.†

In short, the Athenian education was deficient in the *moral* element.

The Spartans had their system, too, very complete in its way also; but wanting in the *intellectual* element. Their education looked rather to *restraining* than developing the mental faculties and desires. Plato would have turned the poets out of his Utopia, as something too grand for every-day life; the Spartans would have turned out Plato himself after them. Philosophy, literature, the arts, all these were seductive sirens that enticed young men away from the stern rigor of the military drill: no mercy was to be shown them. Further, as wealth ministered to these and other indulgences, wealth must be annihilated. The Spartan was a conqueror, not a scholar and a gentleman. There was no change, no license in the laws or the government, “a close, unscrupulous, and well-ordered oligarchy,” as Mr. Grote has fitly designated it—a military community, whose type was the camp, and whose normal state the state of war, it followed the same iron rules from year to year. This is the polity which C. O. Müller and others have chosen as the representative of law and order against lawlessness and anarchy. It is much diabolical to the cause of law and order to assign it such a representative. The ignorance of the Spartans has already been hinted at; it can hardly be exaggerated. No uncommon thing was it to find a well-bred Spartan who could neither read nor write. Indeed they were *illiterate on principle*. Their very triumphs on the field of battle, which constituted their chief and almost sole glory, they were themselves unable to celebrate. There was no Spartan bard that could sing to posterity how “of

the fallen at Thermopylae, right glorious was the fortune and fair the fate.”* And the attempt to abolish wealth, or rather, perhaps, the privileges and advantages of wealth, ended in—so true is it that all essays at *altering human nature* must fail—making the Spartans particularly venal and avaricious. Two such nations quarrelled, of course. But a common bond of fear and interest kept them together at first. The great king—the king par excellence in Greek phraseology—invaded their country. Then the Hellenes, without any superiority in military skill or military equipments, but by sheer force of strength and valor, achieved the victory over an astounding numerical superiority. It was a melancholy sight afterwards to see the two powers who had driven the Persian monarch home in a fishing-boat, seeking the alliance of that monarch's successors against each other.

We cannot now stop to discuss some of the doubtful points in the early history of Sparta, which Mr. Grote has treated with his accustomed sagacity—the personality of Lycurgus—the impossible and unauthenticated redivision of landed property, &c.; being obliged to hurry on to the most marked feature of his book—its thoroughgoing defence of the Athenian “fierce democracy.” Their license and fickleness he either denies or defends; their demagogues he elevates into patriots. If only for the novelty of a thing, such a view must excite interest and demand attention. A happy specimen of it is afforded by the following

DEFENCE OF KLEON.

“So ready are most writers to find Kleon guilty, that they are satisfied with Aristophanes as a witness against him: though no other public man, of any age or nation, has ever been condemned upon such evidence. No man thinks of judging Sir Robert Walpole, or Mr. Fox, or Mirabeau, from the numerous lampoons put in circulation against them: no man will take measure of a political Englishman from Punch, or of a Frenchman from the *Charivari*. The unrivalled comic merit of the “Knights” of Aristophanes is only one reason the more for distrusting the resemblance of its picture to the real Kleon. We have means, too, of testing the candor and accuracy of Aristophanes by his delineation of Sokrates, whom he introduced in the comedy of the ‘Clouds’ in the year after that of the ‘Knights.’ As a comedy, the ‘Clouds’ stands second only to the ‘Knights’: as a picture of Sokrates, it is little better than pure fancy: it is not even a caricature, but a totally different person. We may indeed perceive single features of resemblance; the bare feet, and the argumentative subtlety, belong to both; but the entire portrait is such, that if it bore a different name, no one would think of comparing it with Sokrates, whom we know well from other sources. With such an analogy before us, not to mention what we know generally of the portraits of Periklès by these authors, we are not warranted in treating the portrait of Kleon as a likeness, except on points where there is corroborative evidence. And we may add, that some of the hits against him, where we can accidentally test their pertinence, are decidedly not founded in fact; as, for example, where the poet accuses Kleon of having deliberately and cunningly robbed Demosthenes of his laurels in the enterprise against Sphakteria.

“In the prose of Thucydides, we find Kleon described as a dishonest politician, a wrongful accuser of others, the most violent of all the citizens: throughout the verse of Aristophanes, these same charges are set forth with his characteristic emphasis, but others are also superadded;

Kleon practises the basest artifices and deceptions to gain favor with the people, steals the public money, receives bribes, and extorts compositions from private persons by wholesale, and thus enriches himself under pretence of zeal for the public treasury. In the comedy of the *Acharnians*, represented one year earlier than the *Knights*, the poet alludes with great delight to a sum of five talents, which Kleon had been compelled ‘to disgorge’: a present tendered to him by the insular subjects of Athens, if we may believe Theopompus, for the purpose of procuring a remission of their tribute, and which the *Knights*, whose evasions of military service he had exposed, compelled him to relinquish.

“But when we put together the different heads of indictment accumulated by Aristophanes, it will be found that they are not easily reconcilable one with the other; for an Athenian, whose temper led him to violent crimination of others, at the inevitable price of multiplying and exasperating personal enemies, would find it peculiarly dangerous, if not impossible, to carry on peculation for his own account. If, on the other hand, he took the latter turn, he would be inclined to purchase connivance from others even by winking at real guilt on their part, far from making himself conspicuous as a calumniator of innocence. We must therefore discuss the side of the indictment which is indicated in Thucydides; not Kleon, as truckling to the people and cheating for his own pecuniary profit (which is certainly not the character implied in his speech about the Mitylenians, as given to us by the historian), but Kleon as a man of violent temper and fierce political antipathies, a bitter speaker, and sometimes dishonest in his calumnies against adversaries. These are the qualities which, in all countries of free debate, go to form what is called a great opposition speaker. It was thus that the elder Cato, ‘the universal biter, whom Persephonè was afraid even to admit into Hades after his death,’ was characterized at Rome, even by the admission of his admirers to some extent, and in a still stronger manner by those who were unfriendly to him, as Thucydides was to Kleon. In Cato, such a temper was not inconsistent with a high sense of public duty. And Plutarch recounts an anecdote respecting Kleon, that, on first beginning his political career, he called his friends together, and dissolved his intimacy with them, conceiving that private friendships would distract him from his paramount duty to the commonwealth.

“Moreover, the reputation of Kleon as a frequent and unmeasured accuser of others, may be explained partly by a passage of his enemy Aristophanes: a passage the more deserving of confidence as a just representation of fact, since it appears in a comedy (the ‘Frogs’) represented (405 B.C.) fifteen years after the death of Kleon, and five years after that of Hyperbolus, when the poet had less motive for misrepresentations against either. In the ‘Frogs,’ the scene is laid in Hades, whither the god Dionysus goes, in the attire of Heraklès and along with his slave Xanthias, for the purpose of bringing up again to earth the deceased poet Euripides. Among the incidents, Xanthias, in the attire which his master had worn, is represented as acting with violence and insult towards two hostesses of eating-houses; consuming their substance, robbing them, refusing to pay when called upon, and even threatening their lives with a drawn sword. Upon which the women, having no other redress left, announce their resolution of calling, the one upon her protector Kleon, the other on Hyperbolus, for the purpose of bringing the offender to justice before the dikastery. This passage shows us, if inferences on comic evidence are to be held as admissible, that Kleon and Hyperbolus became involved in accusations partly by helping poor persons who had been wronged to obtain justice before the dikastery. A rich man who had suffered injury might apply to Antiphos or some other rhetor for paid advice and aid as

* Pericles apud Thucyd., Book II. Chap. 40.

† See Kleon's Speech against the Mitylenians, Thucyd., Book III.

* Simonides, fr. 16.

to the conduct of his complaint; but a poor man or woman would think themselves happy to obtain the gratuitous suggestion, and sometimes the auxiliary speech, of Kleon or Hyperbolus; who would thus extend their own popularity by means very similar to those practised by the leading men in Rome.

"But besides lending aid to others, doubtless Kleon was often also a prosecutor, in his own name, of official delinquents, real or alleged. That some one should undertake this duty was indispensable for the protection of the city; otherwise, the responsibility to which official persons were subjected after their term of office would have been merely nominal: and we have proof enough that the general public morality of these official persons, acting individually, was by no means high. But the duty was at the same time one which most persons would and did shun. The prosecutor, while obnoxious to general dislike, gained nothing even by the most complete success; and if he failed so much as not to procure a minority of votes among the dikasts, equal to one fifth of the numbers present, he was condemned to pay a fine of one thousand drachms. What was still more serious, he drew upon himself a formidable mass of private hatred, from the friends, partisans, and the political club of the accused party, extremely menacing to his own future security and comfort, in a community like Athens. There was therefore little motive to accept, and great motive to decline, the task of prosecuting on public grounds. A prudent politician at Athens would undertake it occasionally, and against special rivals, but he would carefully guard himself against the reputation of doing it frequently or by inclination, and the orators constantly do so guard themselves in those speeches which yet remain.

"It is this reputation which Thucydides fastens upon Kleon, and which, like Cato the censor at Rome, he probably merited; from native acrimony of temper, from a powerful talent for invective, and from his position, both inferior and hostile to the Athenian knights, or aristocracy, who overshadowed him by their family importance. But in what proportion of cases his accusations were just or calumnious, the real question upon which a candid judgment turns, we have no means of deciding, either in his case or that of Cato. 'To lash the wicked (observes Aristophanes himself) is not only no blame, but is even a matter of honor to the good.' It has not been common to allow to Kleon the benefit of this observation, though he is much more entitled to it than Aristophanes. For the attacks of a poetical libeller admit neither of defence nor retaliation; whereas a prosecutor before the dikastery found his opponent prepared to reply or even to retort, and was obliged to specify his charge, as well as to furnish proof of it; so that there was a fair chance for the innocent man not to be confounded with the guilty."

The different aides taken in relation to Cleon (one of which has only now, for the first time, found its advocate) may be well illustrated by the different opinions on record concerning a man who has often been compared to him—the late Daniel Connell, or O'Connell.* Take, on one hand, an Orangeman's or Tory's, on the other a Romanist's or Hibernophile American's judgment of him. To the one he is the "Big Beggarman," a brawling, lying, mischief-making, mob-misleading vagabond; to the other a chosen champion of freedom, the liberator of hereditary bondsmen, &c.

Mr. Grote's bold and novel views have

* O'Connell had no right to his prefix by descent, but assumed it. Thomas C. Foster, the "Times Commissioner," found this out, and the mortification attendant on the discovery contributed very much to hasten the "Liberator's" death.

thus far called forth very little antagonistic criticism in England. Indeed we have seen but one hostile demonstration—a pamphlet headed "Thucydides, or Grote," by Mr. Shilleto, a Cambridge scholar of some eminence, but possibly not quite the fittest man to comprehend or criticise the philosophical historian. His onslaught is divided into two heads. He purposes to rescue Thucydides: I. "from unwarranted aspersions. II. from unwarranted interpretations." As to the latter, there can be no doubt that Mr. Grote is not so accurate a classic as Mr. Shilleto. He certainly has confounded *ad* and *pro*, has translated, "taking further resolutions unsuitable," when he ought to have translated, "not taking the further resolutions suitable," and made other little slips of this kind; nor has he been able to explain the *unexplainable* passages in Thucydides. He has made his shot at them as well as other commentators. Still we are inclined to think that, not being a professed grammarian, he might as well have let them alone; and so far we agree with Mr. Shilleto. But it is not in good taste for him to sneer at Mr. Grote's "being unadorned with an academical title." Whether the historian is a B.A. of Oxford or Cambridge or not, we really do not know; but there are many assignable reasons for his not being, without supposing him to be imperfectly educated and unqualified for a historian of Greece. Mr. Shilleto should remember that the fearful accuracy of transcendental syntax which he demands, is to be found only among the members of one English university and three or four German ones; nay, he himself would appear, from some remarks on p. 16, to deny it even to the latter, and confine it to the Cantabs alone. We feel convinced that there are Oxford First Class men who, in the course of so large a work as Mr. Grote's, would make quite as many mistakes in syntax.

As to the first part of the charge, which refers to Mr. Grote's doubts of the authority of Thucydides as an *unprejudiced* witness in Cleon's case, we think Mr. S. has missed the drift of the argument. The English historian did not charge the Greek historian with gross or habitual misrepresentation; he only intimated that as Thucydides was exiled by the popular party,* of which Cleon was a leader, it is only in accordance with human nature that he should feel a bias against Cleon, and not be anxious to represent him in the most favorable light. Surely Thucydides may have been a very excellent and truthful man in general, and yet have felt a little vindictiveness on one particular subject. Mr. Shilleto's partisan feelings, as exhibited throughout his pamphlet, supply a striking illustration of the proposition.

NEANDER'S CHURCH HISTORY.†

A NEW volume of Professor Torrey's admirable translation of Neander's Church History, including the author's fifth volume, all that he left published at his death. It was understood that a sixth was in preparation, bringing the history of the Christian world down to the period of the Reformation. It is now announced that this portion, printed

* Or went into voluntary exile through dislike of the popular party, Mr. Shilleto thinks. However the fact was, it does not affect the argument.

† General History of the Christian Religion and Church: from the German of Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated from the last edition, by Joseph Torrey. Vol. IV. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

from the author's MSS., is shortly to appear in Germany. It will be at once translated by Prof. Torrey and added to this series of volumes, the completion of an undertaking honorable to American scholarship (which has taken the lead of Great Britain in the translation of this great work) and to the study of ecclesiastical history among us.

The present volume embraces the period from Gregory the Seventh to Boniface the Eighth, the eleventh and twelfth centuries. It is written in pursuance of the author's liberal plan, which has raised the history of the church to a wide and extended interest, embracing its various action upon the world, in its own inner life, its special organization, its theological development, its political relation, its social condition, its manners even and customs. What the progress of literary cultivation has accomplished for civil history, Neander has put in operation for ecclesiastical. It is claimed for him that he was the first to introduce in so comprehensive and faithful a manner the History of Missions in its separate portions, the History of Christian Morals and Manners, of Benevolent Activity and the Internal Spiritual Life of the Church. A review of his labors as a church historian, by Dr. Hagenbach of Basle, which we find translated in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for October by Professor H. B. Smith of this city, shows him, in comparison with previous writers, to have been in advance of them all in the art as well as the spirit of history. His learned and personal qualities are there presented with great force and acumen. The twofold nature of his work, its laborious and successful industry and its animating spirit, its devotion and its freedom from cant, are thus happily presented by Dr. H.:—"It is one thing to prepare the materials of ecclesiastical history for edification, leaving out all that is not edifying, and illustrating the facts with pious reflections, and quite another thing to enter into the history as such with a Christian spirit, to grasp it in its own light, to exhibit it in harmony with its own spirit, without adding thereto pious and edifying modes of speech. This is what Neander has done. The fine interpretation of a Christian and of a scientific spirit, is that which constitutes his peculiar greatness; and this stands out so truly, and clearly, and singly, that we have to say, he is Christian because he is scientific, and he is scientific because he is Christian. He no more believes that Christianity is to be helped by a want of science, than he believes that science is to be aided by a denial of Christianity. He is very far from being willing to throw overboard as ballast all that has not a direct use for purposes of edification. In the service of truth, which is everywhere only one, he subjects himself to the most toilsome investigations about matters which have no immediate connexion with the practical part of Christianity. He is a *learned man*, one to whom nothing is too small which can in any way promote the building up of science; in little things he is exact, because his Christianity teaches him to be true also in what is least. He does not try (he did not need it) by pious words and phrases, nor yet by depreciating judgments about the productions of learned men, to cover up his own want of knowledge; he honors science even among those who are not Christians, even in his opponents, and makes use of every discovery, come whence it may. He is also far from falsifying his

tory, out of a mistaken zeal for the interests of Christianity, from beautifying what is hateful, from saying that the unholy is holy, and from covering with a veil the shadowy sides of the Christian life; with all his decision in favor of Christianity, he strives to be as just as possible to all the forms in which it has appeared. He endeavors to understand the doings of the enemies of Christianity and of the Church, and in doing this to apologize for them so far as justice allows any palliation. And so he put before himself the office 'of depicting the history of the church as a speaking evidence of the divine power of Christianity, as a school of Christian experience, as a voice, sounding through all centuries, of edification, of doctrine, and of warning for all who will hear it.' And this, he says, 'was from my early days the leading aim of my life and my studies.'

It is easy to verify these positions from the present volume. Take the sub-section of the chapter of the History of the Church Constitution occupied with monachism. How differently are its details given from the manner in which this topic is generally treated in Protestant pulpits and even in Protestant books. We may fancy ourselves when we read of a St. Bernard, almost engaged upon the earnest Romanist pages of Mr. Digby's "Mores Catholici; or, Ages of Faith"—the good is brought forward in so loving a temper. We are put in communication with the spirit of the age, not rudely thrusting our own times and ideas back into that twelfth century. Here is something which modern civilization is beginning faintly to dream of, already realized in that past age and under that sometimes calumniated system—the cure of the criminal and abolition of the death penalty:

"It happened not unfrequently that criminals, on whom sentence of death had been passed, were, through the influence of venerated abbots who condescended to intercede for them, first pardoned, and then committed to the care of their deliverers, with a view to try what could be done for them under the discipline of the monastery; and as in these times many were hurried into crimes by the impulses of a sensuous and passionate nature, which had never felt the wholesome restraints of education and religious instruction, it was possible that such, by judicious teaching, by the force of religious impressions, and the severe discipline to which they were subjected in a cloister, under the direction of some wise abbot, might be really reformed; as examples, in fact, show that they sometimes were. When Bernard of Clairvaux was once going to pay a visit to his friend, the pious Count Theobald of Champagne, he was met by a crowd of men conducting to the place of execution a robber who, after committing many crimes, had been condemned to the gallows. He begged it as a favor of the count that the criminal might be given up to him. He took the man along with him to Clairvaux, and there succeeded in transforming him into a pious man. This reformed criminal died in peace, after having spent thirty years in the cloister as a monk."

If ever this reform takes place it will be under a principle and discipline analogous, in spirit at least, to this incident recorded by the historian.

In Bernard, Neander recognises a brother to his own faith, a spiritual friend:

"As in Bernard's own case religious knowledge proceeded from interior experience, so he endeavored to guide his disciples and contemporaries to this fountain-head of the knowledge of

divine things, as opposed to a predominantly scientific direction of the Christian mind. Monasticism was so highly valued by him, because he considered it a school for this theology of the heart. Thus he wrote to a scholastic theologian, whom he invited to become a monk.

'Thou, who busiest thyself with the study of the prophets, understandest thou what thou readest? If thou dost understand it, then thou knowest that the sense of the prophets is Christ. And if thou wouldst have him, know that thou wilt succeed far better by following him, than by reading. Why seekest thou in the word that Word, which stands already before thine eyes as the Word become flesh? He who has ears to hear, let him hear him crying in the temple: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;" and, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, if you had but a taste of the rich marrow of the grain with which the heavenly Jerusalem is satisfied, how gladly wouldst thou leave those Jewish scribes to nibble their crusts of bread.' Then he adds, 'Believe one who has experience, thou wilt find more in the forests than in books. Woods and stones will teach thee what thou canst not learn from the masters.' It was one of Bernard's inspiring thoughts, that the right knowledge of divine things was only such a knowledge as proceeds from the interior life, from the impress of the divine upon the disposition. Planting himself upon the words, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," he says: "Knowledge makes men learned, the disposition makes them wise." The sun does not warm all upon whom it shines. So wisdom does not inflame all whom she teaches what to do, with the desire to do it. It is one thing to know about many treasures; another to possess them; and it is not the knowledge, but the possession, that makes one rich. So it is one thing to know God, and another to fear him. And it is not the mere knowledge, but the fear of God, which moves the heart, and makes one wise. Knowledge is to him but a preparation for true wisdom. It leads to the latter only when that which is known is taken up into the heart, and the heart is moved by it. 'Yet pride,' he imagines, 'is very apt to proceed from mere knowledge where the fear of God does not present a counterpoise.'

"It is everywhere apparent that the reference to Christ constituted with him the soul of the Christian life. 'Thus,' he says, 'Dry is all nutriment of the soul, if it be not anointed with this oil. When thou writest nothing touches me, if I cannot read Jesus there. When thou conversest with me on religious subjects, nothing touches me unless Jesus chimes in. But he is also the only true remedy. Is any one among you troubled? Let Jesus enter into his heart, and lo! at the rising light of his name every cloud is dispersed and serenity returns. Here is a man full of despondency, running to entangle himself in the snares of death. Let him but call on the name of life, and will he at once recover the breath of life? Where did ever hardness of heart, indolence, or ill will, abide the presence of this holy name? In whom does not the fountain of tears begin at once to flow more copiously when Jesus is named? In what man, that trembled at danger, does not the invocation of his name of power at once infuse confidence? In what man, that wavered in doubt, does not the light of certainty beam forth at the invoking his glorious name? In whom, that grew faint-hearted in misfortune, was there ever lack of fortitude when that name whispered, I am with thee? Certainly, these are but diseases of the soul; but this is the remedy. If, for example, I name Jesus as man, I present to myself the meek and lowly of heart; the man radiant with all virtue and holiness; the same who is also Almighty God; who can heal me by his example, and strengthen

me by his grace. Of all this, the name of Jesus at once reminds me. From the man I take my example; from him who is mighty my help; and of both I compound a remedy for my case such as no physician could provide for me.'

We see the religious life of the times taking the form of a devout stoicism in one of the following sentences:

"We will quote in addition a few things from the sayings of the Franciscan, Aegidius of Assisi, a friend of Francis of Assisi, as testimonies of the internal Christian life, the internal Christian experience of these times: 'One grace draws after it another, and one crime draws after it another.' 'Grace cannot bear to be praised, nor crime to be despised. Purity of heart sees God, devotion enjoys him. While a man lives he must not despair of God's mercy; for there is no tree so distorted that human art cannot make it straight again; *a fortiori*, there is no person in the world whose sins are so grievous that God cannot adorn him with grace and virtue. All love of the creature is nothing in comparison with love of the Creator. Only through humility can man attain to the knowledge of God; the path upward begins downward. It is better to suffer a heavy wrong without murmuring, out of love to God, than to feed daily a hundred poor, and to fast many days far into the night. What does it profit a man to despise himself and to mortify his body with fasting, prayer, vigils, and self-scourging, if he is not able to endure a wrong from his neighbor, which would bring him greater reward than all the mortifications he imposes on himself? Should the Lord rain stones from heaven, they would not hurt us if we were what we ought to be. If a man were what he ought to be, evil would for him transform itself into good; for all great good and all great evil are within the man, where none can see them. It is a great virtue to conquer one's self; if thou conquerest thyself, thou wilt conquer all thine enemies. Every man has just so much knowledge and wisdom as he performs good deeds.' When Aegidius came in contact with persons who dreaded undertaking any good thing, for fear that vanity might mix in and spoil the whole, said he, 'Be not withheld by this from doing good. If the husbandman, when about to scatter his seed on the earth, should say within himself, "I will not sow this year, for fear the birds may come and devour the seed," he would afterwards find himself in want of food to supply his wants. But if he sow, and it should really happen that some of his seed perishes, yet the greatest portion will remain to him. So is it with him who is tempted with the love of fame and fights against it.' Speaking of the inexhaustible store of the knowledge of God yet in reserve for man, he said: 'The entire Holy Scriptures speak to us as it were with a lisping tongue, as a mother talks to her little child; because, otherwise, it would be unable to understand her words.'

There is pure eloquence in these passages of an old and once celebrated monk of Cluny, the Venerable Abbot Peter Mauricius:

"A Christian delicacy of feeling, far removed from the sternness and excess which we elsewhere find in monasticism, forms a characteristic trait in the character of this individual. To a prior, who was not disposed to relax in the least from the zeal of an over-rigid asceticism, he wrote: 'God accepts no sacrifices which are offered to him contrary to his own appointed order.' He held up to him the example of Christ: 'The devil invited Christ to cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple; but he who came to give his life for the salvation of the world refused to end it by a suicidal act—thereby setting an example, which admonishes us that we are not to push the mortification of

the body to self-destruction. So Paul, also (1 Timothy v. 23) following the example of Christ, exhorts his disciple that he should provide for his body with moderation; not that he should destroy it. He blames him for not heeding the affectionate remonstrances of the pious brethren amongst his inferiors. 'When a man pays no regard to those who speak such words of love, he despises the love itself which prompted such words. And he who despises love can have none himself. But of what avail is all the fasting in the world, and all mortifications of the flesh, to him who has no love? (1 Cor. 13) Abstain, then, from flesh and from fish; push thy abstinence as far as thou wilt; torture thy body, allow no sleep to thine eyes; spend the night in vigils, the day in toils; still, whether willing or unwilling, thou must hear the apostle: 'Even if thou givest thy body to be burned, it profits thee nothing.' Far removed from this monkish estrangement from humanity, he was aware that the suppression of man's natural feelings stood at variance with the essence of Christianity; on which point he thus expresses himself in a beautiful letter to his brother, on the occasion of their mother's death: 'The feelings of nature, sanctified by Christianity, should be allowed their rights in the free shedding of tears. Paul (1 Thess. iv. 13) does not object to sorrow generally, but only to the sorrow of unbelief, the sorrow which contends against Christian hope.' To a monk who thought himself bound to keep away from his native country, lest he should be attracted by some earthly tie, he wrote: 'If pious men must abhor their country Job would not have remained in his; the devout Magians would not have returned to theirs; our Lord himself would not have rendered his own illustrious by his miracles. The pious, then, are not obliged to fly from their country, but only from its customs, if they are bad. Neither ought the good man to fly from his relations and friends, from fear of the contamination of wickedness; rather he should endeavor to win them to salvation by wholesome admonitions; he should not be afraid of their earthly affections, but rather seek to communicate to them his own heavenly affections. I myself, said he, 'would gladly retire into solitude; but if it is not granted me, or until it is granted me, let us follow the example of him who, amidst the crowd, in royal banquets, and surrounded by gilded walls, could say he dwelt in solitude (Ps. lv. 8, according to the Vulgate). And such a solitude we can construct in the recesses of the heart, where alone the true solitude is found by true despisers of the world—where no stranger finds admittance; where, without bodily utterance, is heard in gentle murmurs the voice of our discoursing Master. In this solitude let us, my dearest son, so long as we are in the body, and dwell as strangers on the earth—even in the midst of tumult—take refuge; and what we would seek in distant countries find in ourselves; for the kingdom of God is indeed in us.'

In this manner does Neander put life into the dry bones of history, disentangling fith and eloquence from the mummied records of ancient libraries. It is a spirit significant of his treatment of the whole subject, and gives to an earnest inquirer what we may call, for purposes of illustration, the zest and interest of a Christian Gibbon—the learning and picturesqueness (witnessed in such passages as Bishop Otto's Missionary labors in Pomerania) of the historian of Rome, animated by a devotion which he would probably have despised.

WOMEN'S RIGHT'S CONVENTIONS.*

REFORM is in its general operation merely external and mechanical: it does not of ne-

* Woman and Her Needs. By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

cessity reach the soul of things, and essentially ennoble its subject. Committees, academies, and conventions, while they fancy they are revolutionizing the world, are only building platforms from which to exhibit to a larger circle of lookers-on merits and demerits which they have not had, and never can have, any share in creating. The idea of remodelling society at public meetings is one of the least reasonable which ever entered the mind of an agitator: and the notion that the relations of the sexes can be re-arranged and finally disposed of by preamble and resolution, is one of the latest, as it should have been the last, vagary of a machine age. Railroad cars can be built in quantities and on a common model, at a large shop, but we are inclined to think that men and women can scarcely be dealt with like wood and iron. They are not quite so definite and palpable. The individuality of right and character, for which modern reformers so clamorously contend, is utterly merged and lost in the proceedings of these comprehensive gatherings. Of all mortal creatures, woman is the last to be discussed, regulated, directed, and treated in wholesale; the lights and shades of her nature are so delicate and variable that no axiom can embrace all. Each woman (and this is the noble prerogative by which she acquires love) is a creation and perfect world in herself. It would be as proper and reasonable to name every member of the sex Mary Smith or Semiramis, as it would be to insist that they shall all come under any general rule of conduct, or submit their rights and privileges to the arbitrament of a public convention. The attempt to impose general regulations upon the sex, even in so simple a matter as apparel, is seen at once to be impracticable: for while young ladies of a good figure and well-turned ankle do not decline the new Turkish costume, those of a more obese or lathy constitution still preserve their house of refuge in the long skirts and evasive amplitude of the old dress. But when advancing from so easy a problem as the adjustment of a bonnet and a gaiter, to the complicated question of the intercourse of the sexes and their mutual relations, our reformers seem to engage to do by contract and convention the work of Providence itself; and although we acquit the agitators and conventionalists of anything like a conscious irreverence of purpose, they are to our view clearly transcending the sphere of human legislation when they undertake to revise and rearrange the relations of the sexes. The endeavor to equalize and blend the sexes is directly against the grain of Nature from her origin. Genesis must be first set aside before the reform can begin. Organism is of course of no account with these plenipotentiary remodellers. History is a blank. Spiritual contrast and interdependence are mere pencil-marks to be rubbed out with a sweep of the chairman of the committee. This is all idle and purposeless. Man and woman, as of distinct organization, can only consider the matter individually—and so they are compelled, by principles deeper and higher than the dicta of conventions, to the end of all things; but in all matters which affect their well-being in society—in all practicable reforms and improvements, which seek to assign to them comfortable habitations and suitable employments—we can cheerfully give hearty approval and encouragement. And, here, it is only by sympathy and concurrence with man that any

real good can be accomplished: not by violent denunciation and unnatural antagonism. Woman need not crave publicity—she may well complain of it as her heaviest burden—and should seek, with or without the aid of "mass-meetings on platforms," to withdraw herself further and further from masculine tasks. If, on the other hand, men are found in charge of duties which can be more properly fulfilled by women, let them gracefully yield them: and by such fair assignment and division of the work of the world, we might hope to see man grow more manly and woman more womanly, which is the sum and substance of all practicable reform in the premises.

THE HUMAN BODY.*

THIS book is a fanciful, often rhapsodical, and not seldom vague and unintelligible, treatise on physiology. Its apparent aim is to establish the supremacy of human physiology, its independence of the mere laws that govern organic and animal life. It is held that man is not only something more than a vegetable and animal existence, but something different even in those properties which he is supposed to hold in common with such an existence. The author rebukes with spirit the microscopist, who, seeing the Divinity through his glass eye, pretends to read the mystery of human life as if it was written on the wall of a primitive cell; and the chemist who would weigh and measure out the soul of man in the residuum of his retort and crucible. Man is not to be seen in the object glass of the minute observer, nor does he live in the *caput mortuum* of the chemist.

The different departments of human physiology are treated of cursorily in the course of this book. An account of the various functions is presented, without any pretension to didactic treatment or scientific precision; but their main facts are given, and are used as suggestions to certain rambling reflections upon life, the nature of man, his habits, diseases and cures of disease, hydropathy, homeopathy, &c.

There is a great deal of very simple thought wrapped up in very mystical language, and a general quaintness of style, which gives an air of novelty to commonplace. There is, however, considerable enthusiasm throughout the book, which warms and encourages the sympathy of the reader.

There is one passage in the book, which, while its quaintness recalls the old English prose writers, by its beauty and eloquence would do no dishonor to those great masters of style. This passage alone redeems the work from all its errors of philosophy and its faults of expression. It is worthy of the eloquent author of the *Religio Medici* and the *Urn Burials*:

"And if wine is good to drink, it need not be drunk on pretence. Men have drunk it from the beginning for that which is the best and the worst of reasons—because they like it. 'Wine maketh glad the heart of man'—there lies the fortress of its usage. To the wise, it is the adjunct of society; the launch of the mind from the care and hindrance of the day; the wheel of emotion; the preparator of inventive idea; the blandness of every sense obedient to the best impulses of the hours when labor is done. Its use is to deepen ease and pleasure on high-tides and at harvest-homes, when endur-

* The Human Body and its Connexion with Man, illustrated by the Principal Organs. By James John Garth Wilkinson. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

ance is not required; for delight has important functions, and originates life, as it were, afresh from a childhood of sportive feeling, which must recur at seasons for the most of men, or motive itself would stop. A second use is to enable us to surmount seasons of physical and moral depression, and to keep up the life-mark to a constant level, influenced as little as possible by the circumstances of the hour. Also to show to age by occasions, that its youth lies still within it, and may be found like a spring in a dry land with the thyrsus for a divining rod. A third use is, to soften us; to make us kinder than our reason, and more admittive than our candor, and to enable us to begin larger sympathies and associations from a state in which the feelings are warm and plastic. A fourth use is to save the resources of mental excitement by a succedaneous excitement of another kind, or to balance the animation of the soul by the animation of the body, so that life may be pleasant as well as profitable, and the pleasure be reckoned among the profits. A fifth use is, to stimulate thoughts, and to reveal men's powers to themselves and their fellows, for *in vino veritas*, and intimacy is born of the blood of the grape. But is it not unworthy of us to pour joy's aid from a decanter, or to count upon 'circumstances' for a delight which the soul alone should furnish? Oh, no! for by God's blessing, the world is a circumstance; our friends are circumstances; our wax-lights and gaieties likewise; and all these are stimuli, and touch the being within us; and where then is the limit to the application of Art and Nature to the soul? At least, however, our doctrine is dangerous; but then fire is dangerous, and love is dangerous, and life with its responsibilities is very dangerous. All strong things are perils to one whose honor's path is over hair-breadth bridges and along giddy precipices. A sixth use is to make the body more easily industrious in work-times. This is the test of temperance and the proof of the other uses. That wine is good for us which has no fumes, but which leaves us to sing over our daily labors with ruddier cheeks, purer feelings, and brighter eyes than water can bestow. The seventh use is, in this highest form of assimilation, to symbolize the highest form of communion, according to the Testament which our Saviour left, and to stand on the altar as the representative of spiritual truth. All foods, as we have shown before, feed the soul, and this on the principles of a universal symbolism: this then is the highest use of bread and wine—to be taken and assimilated in the ever-new spirit of the kingdom of heaven."

A RUGBEAN'S AMERICAN ADVENTURES.*

A small volume of travelling letters by an Englishman about town, written in an off-hand manner, and purporting to be transferred from the columns of an English country newspaper. The author is in a better humor with the United States than most of his book-making brethren have heretofore been. The gusto with which he dilates, fresh from a Cunarder, over the luxurious elegance of the table appliances of one of our large hotels, is an amusing contrast to the old stereotype ululations of the Smell-fungi of former days over broken mustard pots:—

"We were set down at a hotel which my weak mind conceived at once to be some splendid palace, at which we were to be boarded and lodged for eight and sixpence a day. We had breakfast in the most magnificent room I ever breakfasted in, about 90 feet long and proportionably high. The people seated themselves in two rows, and commenced sweeping off rolls, ham, and all sorts of delicacies at a very rapid

rate, and I was not long in following their example. * * * There are three hotels here, all of equal splendor; to wit, the Tremont House, Revere House, and the Albion, at each of which there is an immense ordinary at half past two daily, when the table is laid out in a way that is perfectly marvellous. In every glass there is a napkin in the form of and as white as a lily, and as there are four rows of perhaps sixty glasses each, the appearance exceeds anything I ever saw in the way of tablecloth effect, nor does the outward show surpass the reality. The hotel I am in can accommodate five hundred people. There are private dining-rooms and drawing-rooms all furnished with pile carpets, massive furniture, and damask silk hangings."

He ascends the Hudson, and his ideas become as expanded on the subject of steamboats as of hotels, the contrast being as great between the floating palace and the dirty, cramped vessel in the one case, as the palatial caravansary and coffin-like "box" of the public room of a London inn of corresponding, or even double charges in the other. A North River boat is not to our eye, however, the shapeless monster he professes to regard it in his pleasant description:

"I must here remark that if the steamboat in which I traversed the river were transported bodily into the Thames, a steamboat is about the last name by which it would be called. To an eye accustomed to the beautiful proportions of an English steamboat, an American one is a great mystery, a thing in fact that takes an inexperienced traveller a whole voyage to understand. Seen from the outside, it appears like a number of white galleries piled one on the top of the other. On the summit of all, a great black engine shaft is working away, surrounded by a number of long poles surmounted with brass knobs. By looking carefully, you may discover two black chimneys, not in the place you look for them in a regular steamboat, but here, there, and everywhere; sometimes in the middle, sometimes in the stern, or 'forward.' There is, in fact, no symmetry, no mast, no steersman, and no captain on the paddle-box; yet this indescribable monster goes along at the rate of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, and furnishes a capital breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed, with all the convenience and elegance of an English hotel, and at a decidedly cheaper rate."

He also differs from his predecessors in discovering that all American citizens who come in contact with an English tourist, are not devoured with curiosity as to the minutiae of the important exotic's personal history:

"I have come to the conclusion that the Americans are fast losing their characteristics, as I have not yet met with a genuine inquisitive Yankee. I went fully expecting to be bored with questions wherever I travelled, but I have hitherto found them unusually saturnine."

Our railways also do not uniformly maim or destroy their passengers:

"What I admire as much as anything is their management of railways. They have no policemen, no gates, no expensive stations. A train rattles through the main streets of a town; carts, horses, and old women passing and repassing without any accident. When an engine moves in a station, it is generally attended by a lot of little boys clinging on behind and shouting. Fancy such a thing in Euston Square! When a public road crosses a railway, a simple board, with 'Look out for the cars when the bell rings,' is put up across it, and supplies the place of a stone cottage, expensive gate, and

blue-coated official, and yet you scarcely see a railway accident in the papers. Just let such a thing be done in England, and the papers would teem with old women run over, children killed, and carts overturned, and yet people are not considered more stupid in England than America. There is no doubt that this is one of the causes of the eight and twelve per cent. dividends which are commonly paid on these lines."

He comes across a curious example of the pursuit of the Fine Arts under difficulties in the Solitary System prison at Philadelphia:

"The prisoners are allowed to be seen by no one, but some of the cells are exhibited. One of these I particularly noticed, the walls of which were really beautifully painted by a man who had been in prison for five years before he came here. He stayed and decorated his cell here for another five years, and when discharged he commenced stealing again, and in less than two months was condemned to two years in another prison. He decorated the walls of that cell in a most elaborate manner, and is now in Baltimore jail for another theft, and has begun his old pursuit, which, as he has some ten years to stay, will result in some grand masterpiece in the fresco style. This odd talented creature is a German, and extracts his colors from the yarns given out to him for weaving."

The author journeys on in rapid and pleasant style through the Middle and Southern States to New Orleans, thence to the Havana, returning to New Orleans, and by the Mississippi and Ohio to New York. Here he makes a fresh start in a "Baltimore clipper of 350 tons burden" for Rio. The account of the voyage is one of the best parts of the book. Here is one of its many pleasant pictures:

THE STEWARD.

"The most burdened man, for the first three or four days, was the steward, a half-caste, who was always complaining of his legs and arms; and with reason, poor man, for his existence during that period was one unceasing conflict against angles, a life composed of ups and downs. His prescribed duties were in themselves considerable: he had three breakfasts to cook, and wait at; sundry fowls to kill, anatomize, and prepare for three separate dinners; three teas to serve; all the knives, plates, and forks to clean; five beds to make, and all the sweeping to do; but in addition to these duties, he had to keep himself from falling, to make frantic rushes every now and then to prevent piles of crockery from tumbling down; to stop the dog, an animal brought on board to kill rats, from devouring the dinner before it was half cooked; and finally to be washed at least once in every hour from caboose to cabin, in the conveyance of his savory treasures. I remember complimenting him, on the third day, on his cookery. 'Wait,' said he, 'till we have fine weather, and then I'll show you what I can do.' Hardly had the unfortunate man uttered these words, when an enormous wave burst suddenly upon him, and carried him from one side of the vessel to the other, rolling him completely over. For some time we saw him struggling in the distance with a pile of dirty plates which he happened to have about him; but ere long he returned, thoroughly wet through, without a plate broken, and, with a passing complaint on his legs, retired into his caboose, and immediately commenced making pastry. Truly, he was a wonderful man!"

This custom-house scene on entering Rio is also touched off in an equally happy vein:

"A French gentleman, a person of very questionable trunks, had his effects looked over before mine, and though it was an investigation of three-quarters of an hour, yet it was highly

* Transatlantic Rambles: or, a Record of Twelve Months' Travel in the United States, Cuba, and the Brazil. By a Rugbeian. London: George Bell.

amusing. It was a great treat to see the searcher, without exception the blandest man I ever saw, quietly unwrapping waistcoats, disembowelling pairs of stockings, plunging into all sorts of secret places, and extracting without fail at every dive, gloves, pieces of valuable stuffs, smelling bottles of filigree work, and jewelled gimcracks, the latest notions of the Rue St. Honoré or Palais Royal. The enraged owner meantime was in that state, produced by a Brazilian sun acting upon French choler, more easily fancied than described, and in a moment of ungarded temper pitched an old shoe at his persecutor, and mockingly inquired the duty upon it. The bland man smiling all the time took it up, examined it, and producing from the toe an unsuspected piece of soap, quietly put it by amongst the other confiscated articles. After that the Frenchman sank entirely, and got into a state of stupor from which he was only aroused by some one knocking his hat off, he having unconsciously covered himself in the Imperial Custom-house."

The sketches of Brazil which follow are written out with more care than the portion bestowed on the United States, and are animated and humorous. We trust to meet the author again in some more elaborate attempt in authorcraft. As Goldsmith's connoisseur says, "the book would have been better if the author had taken more pains." The book is marred by the pert cockney self-sufficiency of the author, but as that adds to the reader's amusement, we have no right to complain if the author, like most of his tourist brethren who "prent" on America, gives his readers the opportunity of laughing at, as well as with him.

MESSRS. APPLETON'S HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

It gives us pleasure to notice an advance in the material of—in proportion to the outlay, generally the most flimsy and unsubstantial of all publications—the Holiday books of the trade. The mechanical arts of a good book are brought to increased improvement, and the finer labors of the painter and designer liberally invoked. The subject-matter does not always follow in the same ratio, but even here there is development. The Christmas publications of the Messrs. Appleton, which include several introductions from abroad, present us with several choice works of permanent literary interest. Mrs. Jameson's *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.* is enriched, not only with the sumptuous picture gallery of Sir Peter Lely, but is a most *spirituelle* and attractive series of biographical essays. Miss Strickland's illustrated *Queens of England*, another of Messrs. A.'s books, not only gratifies the eye and satisfies curiosity in costume and beauty, but affords a sound intellectual entertainment. Something not less to the taste, in a department not cultivated according to its richness, is a new volume, *Christmas with the Poets*, a series of rare and delicate poems from the earliest store of English literature, with some attention to historical arrangement and comment. It is a dainty volume. The illustrations are in several tints, the softest and most delicate work of this kind which has yet reached the country. The drawing is varied, and tastefully adapted to the poems. Each page is surrounded with a deep line in gold, and the whole is hot-pressed. It is quite a curiosity in printing. Messrs. Appleton also publish *Lyrics of the Heart; with other Poems*, by Alarie A. Watts. This has a combination of pictorial designs by the artists of the English school,

is the result of many years of preparation, and follows in sequence with the artistic editions of Rogers's Poems, executed with great cost at the poet-banker's expense. In addition to these books, Messrs. Appleton will publish a new illustrated work on the East, by Dr. Wainwright, entitled *the Land of Bondage*, and a series supplementary to the "Women of the Bible," the "*Women of Early Christianity*." The last-mentioned will be edited, and the letter-press mostly written, by the Rev. J. A. Spencer.

Margaret; a Tale of the Real and Ideal. By Sylvester Judd, Jr. 2 vols. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—With a second and revised edition, this novel by Mr. Judd, which was thought by many people on its first appearance a very extraordinary production, may be supposed to have conquered the repugnance of critics, and passed to that shelf, holding many classics, where great faults are redeemed by greater virtues. *Margaret* is a quaint picture of New England life, metaphysical as well as social, and embodies several characters in a sort of rough crystallization. We need no better proof of this than the many vigorous faces and situations Mr. Darley has drawn from the novel, in his yet unpublished series of drawings; but which, we trust, will soon see the light. *Margaret*, in spite of critical advice to the author, remains the best of his books—the freshest, and even the clearest. The new edition has a preface, in which the author asks: "May there not be a moral as well as a material plot—a plot of ideas as well as of incidents?" Granting this, it should be remembered that the separation of the two would be no better than a splendid intellect in a decrepit and tumbling body. Form, definite proportion, artistic beauty, are not incompatible with any flight of the imagination, reach of mind, or observation of the world.

The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo. By E. S. Creasy, M.A. Harper.—Mr. Creasy, the author of this intelligent series of tableaux from general history, is Professor of Ancient and Modern History in University College, London. He was first attracted, he tells us, to the work of separating these great scenes by a passage of Halham, in which allusion is made to Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic, as battles "of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes." The fortunes of the world have indeed too often hung on the result of a single engagement; but we should not overlook the fact that a battle is often the crisis of other forces, and that though the immediate issue might have been different, other causes of national growth or decay might sooner or later have secured a similar catastrophe. Thus the important battle in the American Revolution of Saratoga, which has an appropriate place in this volume, while it was exceedingly well timed for the development of the American idea, would, if it had been lost, not have decided the question the other way. The account of this battle, with the preliminary remarks, displays fair play and liberality in the writer, who can maintain his calmness amid the stormy lines of Waterloo. His style and method are well fitted for a clear understanding (so difficult of attainment) of a battle piece. The selection of circumstances keeps us to the main lines of the conflict. We have rarely fallen in with anything more captivating than this plain, straightforward description.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. Vol. 2. Harpers.—Miss Strickland here continues the life of Mary of Lorraine, the second Queen of James V., which is followed by the Lady Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, the mother of Darnley.

The troublous and involved incidents of the period are detailed with clearness and much valuable historical reading. Miss Strickland entering the field where success is not to be attained without diligence and acumen. Her consultation of State Papers and Old Records is constant, with an eye to the picturesque and characteristic in antiquity. Hence her books are contributions to the social as well as personal history of the times. After Mignet's History we may expect from Miss Strickland a full and instructive work on Mary Queen of Scots, which, we presume, will be the next topic of this series.

A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—There is an advance in this volume in force of expression upon some of Mr. Taylor's earlier efforts. In several of them we have more than mere rhetorical emphasis, a selection of circumstances and enthusiasm, the product of a tasteful poetic mind. Kuleh, an Arab's story of his horse on the desert, is an eloquent narrative in verse, warmed with a zeal for the strongly-defined incidents of the East, which the author, again "a-foot," may happily experience, we trust, on his present pilgrimage, "New York to Nineveh!" The opening poem of the volume is a pleasing version of an allegorical Indian legend of the birth of the Maize plant; a primitive American offset to Burns's Sir John Barleycorn. The native invention is bold and effective as well as quaint and simple, and shows both the grasp and playfulness of the Indian imagination. Mr. Taylor is indebted for the incidents to Mr. Schoolcraft's valuable contribution to aboriginal fairy love, the "Algie Researches." In one of the other compositions of a lyrical character Mr. Taylor displays not less talent with less success; but the requisitions of the subject are much higher.

The Philosophy of Human Nature. By Francis E. Brewster. Philadelphia: Getz & Buck.—"No pretensions are here affected," says the writer, "of a systematic analysis or scientific exposition of the Philosophy of Human Nature; all that is attempted is to put down faithfully a few suggestions, observations, and developments, the result of the close experience of one man's life of sixty years." This is done in a way entirely of the author's own, without regard to model, conventionalism, or precedent of any kind. The book is rough and ready throughout, knocking men, manners, and institutions about in the most unceremonious fashion. It is written in paragraphs, in a style of off-hand, blustering talk, crude and bald enough at times, with an immense deal of scolding, but with much common sense. It assails public school education, is for freedom of divorce, pronouncing the latter a remedy for the evils of no marriage at all, and the former beyond the simplest instruction to be a system of pauperism degrading and useless. In the chapter on Woman there is much wholesome truth, with a passage (among the author's multifarious stores of newspaper cutting, law reports, public documents, moral essays, &c.) which we were glad to recognize as a part of Mr. Dana's admirable lecture on this subject. The evils of rowdyism, bullying, pot-house politics, moneyed monopolies, are fertile subjects of invective, including even the American institution of the Fire companies. In his rough dogmatic way Mr. Brewster has marked out some profitable topics for reflection.

Epitaphs from Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Boston; with Notes, by Thomas Bridgman. Boston and Cambridge: Munroe & Co.—Copp's Hill is one of the most striking and venerable associations of Boston, a height from which the past speaks with emphasis and authority. There are the humble records of the founders of the city, in antique sunken tombstones, bent and decrepid as the oldest of the beings below when they tottered on the earth—dim and fast perishing even as stone memorials,

and much needing some friendly Old Mortality to deepen their rune marks, the sacred and inevitable legend of the race. To fragile and perishable paper which an infant may crumple and destroy, must carved marble come for perpetuation of its iron-written story. Mr. Bridgman's volume, in which he has carefully recorded several hundred inscriptions, may one day tell the tale long since obliterated by city innovations and the "tooth of time" from old Copp's Hill. There are tombs here of two whole centuries, from early in the seventeenth, all through the eighteenth, to a few scattered dates in the present. The inscriptions are mostly simple dates of death; a few have a single stanza or a couplet of verse, and some are garnished with the family arms. In one a husband, seemingly a sexton, calls; "Brother sextons, please to leave a clear berth for me near by this stone." His appeal, we trust, was regarded; but they are men of little sympathy and most wanton and mercenary destroyers of graves. Mr. Sheppard's preface to this book tells us of their sale of dead men's tombs, and now a great man's name may be stolen from a monument to insert some inglorious stranger's. The name of Gov. Hutchinson's father was expunged from his monument and Thomas Lewis (probably the sexton himself) inserted in its place above the coat of arms!

A Class-Book of Chemistry. By Edward L. Youmans. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—An elementary work on Chemistry well adapted to either purpose, of aiding in the initiatory step towards a profound study of the science, or of giving that general knowledge deemed essential in ordinary education. No better illustration could be given of the progress of the science of Chemistry in these later years than the fulness of information in this elementary book on Organic and Animal Chemistry, branches of the science which but a few years ago were as sealed books even to the chemical philosophers themselves. The book is clear and demonstrative in style, and easily intelligible to the beginner and general reader.

Jacob Abbott's Young Christian Series. Vol. 1. *The Young Christian.* Harper & Bros.—This volume, with the other two of the trio to which it belongs, was most favorably received and widely circulated on its first appearance, has maintained its position in popular religious literature since, and is doubtless now destined in its new and attractive garb to a new career of usefulness. Its success is doubtless owing to the same characteristics which have secured the success of Mr. Abbott's short biographies—a business-like practical treatment of the subject in hand, unencumbered by discussions on matters of doubt or any deviations from a connected narrative. Christianity is no sufferer by such mode of presentation; her claims rest as well on mind as on heart, on reason as on faith, though the weight may not rest equally on these superstructures. Neat woodcuts are scattered through the text, and in adding to its external beauty, are not out of place as auxiliaries in impressing its meaning on a careless reader, Mr. Abbott relying much on similes from every-day life to enforce his positions.

Harry Burnham; or, the Young Continental. By Henry Buckingham. Burgess & Gannat.—A spirited and interesting tale of Revolutionary times; marred, however, by carelessness of writing, and the evidently too great haste with which it has been hurried on. The author is well known as a contributor to the weekly press, of sketches upon the same fertile subject as that upon which his novel is founded.

The Scourge of the Ocean. By an Officer of the Navy. Phila.: A. Hart.—One of a class of ephemeral books, whose only merit of plot is borrowed from the late Mr. Cooper's ingenious Sea Tales. Like its congeners, the less that is said of it the more favorable will be the criticism.

Life in Varied Phases; illustrated in a Series of Sketches. By Mrs. Caroline H. Butler. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Mrs. C. H. Butler is well known to the magazine reading public—a number of Graham, Godey, or Sartain, seldom issuing from its publisher's counter without her name figuring in the list of contents. Nine of her stories of various lengths are reprinted in the volume before us. They range in the location of scene from Canal street to China; but we prefer those that treat of life near at home. These will be found graceful and pleasant, rarely going beyond the well beaten track of common-place.

The Boys' and Girls' Country Book. By Uncle Frank. C. Scribner.—A pleasant little volume on the pursuits and amusements of country life, interesting to children.

Little Elsie; to which is added, Little Jemmy, the Chimney Sweeper. Stanford & Swords.—These little stories are interesting, and inculcate proper affections and feelings.

A Manual of the Christian Atonement. By Rev. Thomas Lapre. M. W. Dodd.—A volume of small compass, designed as a work for popular use, on the great fundamental doctrine of Christianity, earnestly and simply written.

A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects. By Shearjashub Spooner, M.D. Putnam.—This work, when completed, will form a large sized octavo volume of about one thousand pages, in double columns. The first part, now before us, contains an essay on engraving, an explanation of terms used by artists and writers on art, and an alphabetical list of distinguished artists, with the dates of their births and deaths. The work is professedly a compilation, but contains, it is stated, fifteen hundred names of eminent artists not to be found in any previous work. The articles are concisely written, in an agreeable style; and the work promises, from the specimen before us, to be of much value, on a subject on which information is much needed among us.

The American Matron; or, Practical and Scientific Cookery. By a Housekeeper. Boston and Cambridge: Munroe & Co.—A new contribution from the American cuisine, dating from Salem, Massachusetts. It is of a plain and practical character, easily read and understood by all American housekeepers (which some of the foreign importations are not), and doubtless will do more to elevate the national character, on the basis of good digestion, than many philosophies on more pretentious topics.

A Pictorial Natural History: embracing a View of the Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal Kingdoms, for the use of schools. By S. G. Goodrich. Boston: Munroe & Co.—Peter Parley's Natural History has done good service in its day, and by this new edition appears to be still in vogue. Not one of its least attractions is its abundance of woodcuts, which, though they are very far from being what the science of the age demands, are none the less provocative of the taste and imagination of children.

Elements of Logic. By Archbishop Whately. Boston: Munroe & Co.—A new edition from the ninth London of this established textbook.

The Art-Journal. October. Virtue, 26 John street.—The Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition is concluded with this number, including a preface, index, and general history of the great undertaking of which this volume will constitute one of the most valuable memorials. It has been executed with a learning, taste, and variety which could have been secured only by a comprehensive arrangement of means and advance. Certainly not the least of these is that the Exhibition has been the energy and efficiency it has brought out in the press. This publication has profited largely, and we trust permanently, by the occasion. The Art-Journal

has also in its regular course of publication the Wayside in Italy, by Williams; and the Old Pier at Littlehampton, by (Caldwell); and the Vernon Gallery, with a finely illustrated paper on Wouvermans. As the Catalogue of the Exhibition will not be reprinted, it should be secured from the publishers at once.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.
Alone with thee, O bald and hoary mount,
Silent I stand as with some silent Power;
Brooding 'midst homelike cliffs of granite
Below the sky's blue vault, and the sea's
Stretches the severed world, a floating dream:
Of woodland and rich valley, where the stream
Trembles with rippling shadows, gilded and
Sleep 'mid green banks and hill-haunts
gleams and glows, and the sunbeams
Where creep the tribes of mosses, still
clomb, and the wild flowers
Pale nature shrank highest, fearing to pierce
Thy cold retreat! peeps from its hidden nest
No bright-eyed flower, nor tinkles the clear
spring, and the birds are dumb.
Down the sweet glen, nor bird nor beast
wind its way, and the soft
To sighing pines; only some yellow shrub
Stares dwarf-like on the rocky outcrops
Like a last, sickly smile on earth's wan face,
Crawls timorously to the foot of the mountain
Grim, stern, and cold, and the snow
wrinkled cheeks of the ice.
The winter howl is low and low, and
Glance quick, then fly, and the snow
blackens the hill, and the snow
That guard these mighty battlements. But
thoughts of the heaven's
Sittest upon thy throne, in solemn
Of clouds that the sky gazes with awe
Over the desolate and cold
And yonder and yonder, and yonder
Of climbing earth, and the snow
A heads
Hurl a vain rage at thine unchangeable face

O silent mount! lone dweller of the gloom;
Companionless, save of the unmoving mist
And sullen storm, when the gray hand
Of withering frost, the north breeze, and
'Till a dumb voice of thyself is heard
Upon the earth below, and the snow
The murmuring of life; its restless tide
Rolls far away, the dull and slumberous roar
Of a great sea, surging on unknown shores;
Its pulsing and noise, and the snow
Dashing as yonder apple from the tree
To the ground, and the snow
Remainest a cold god, upon whose brow
Tortured of years, and the snow
frown, and the snow
Yet standest thou in the same, and the snow
Immortal as the stars, and the snow
Uncrushed 'mid ruins, sending on the blast
Thy loud-mouthed herald, a defiant word
To fate and time, and the snow
In rocky grandeur dwellest thou, men,
Scorning the low, and the snow
Of the high mind, for visions born of truth
And beauty, and the snow
Leaping at moon, and the snow
Against the cold cliffs, and the snow
Grey and hoary, and the snow
Wandering 'till in despair it climb the steep
Of lonely thought, to reign unvisited
Of one soft sunbeam, far from flowery smiles,
And the snow
Of the high mind, for visions born of truth
And beauty, and the snow
Leaping at moon, and the snow
Against the cold cliffs, and the snow
Grey and hoary, and the snow
Wandering 'till in despair it climb the steep
Of lonely thought, to reign unvisited
Of one soft sunbeam, far from flowery smiles,
And the snow

Sound in my ears a funeral dirge, and day
Hides in its veil of mist. O mournful mount!
I leave thy joyless home, I may not reign
With thee in that proud palace far apart
From the warm earth. Ah! better 'tis to
breathe
Even in the sorrowing world the air of love,
Than throned on mountain tops. Thy lonely
state

Is mockery of grandeur. Scorn of men
Is even littleness, or if it wear
The sceptre, or with keener, crownless pride
Sit on the forehead of philosophy,
Wrapt in the mantle of its wordless thought.
True nobleness is his, of heart too high
For selfish hope or fear, and ever just
To the pure law graven on all pure souls,
That links the life of good with sacrifice;
Wearing undimmed, like the calm man of God,
From the far mount of vision where he talked
Alone with heaven, the awful, glistening crown
Of holy thought; content if he may dwell
In lowliest, unthanked toil.

So fare thee well!
O silent monarch! dwell thou here alone
Upon an unshared seat. Come, happy fields,
Smile of the flowers, laugh of the echoing
woods,

Ye cottages where men rejoice or weep,
Where round the vineclad porch the children
play,
And, o'er the cradle bent, the mother sings
Her hymn of joyous care, and grey-haired age
Sleeps by the fireside. Come, ye cities wide,
Where Christ yet walks amid the dreary haunts
Of sorrow, and beneath the crumbling roof
Faith stoops with folded wings, to whisper
words
That make earth heaven. Earth of human
hearts,

Suffering yet blest! to you will I return,
A man among the tribes of men, a man
Kindred in joy or woe, and beating still
With the warm pulses of a living soul.

E. A. W.

White Mountains. which is open every day

LIFE

1. What is life but self-denial,
Daily care and daily trial:
Hopes that lead us blindly on,
And vanish ere the goal be won!

2. What is life but toil and sorrow,
Still renewed with each to-morrow;
Toil that speeds the frame's decay,
While sorrow wears the heart away!

3. Toil! And is there then no cure?
Live we only to endure?
Hoping still and still believing,
Belief and hope alike deceiving?

4. Pause. The trial soon is o'er:
Others too have toiled before,
And the blessings that we see
Are the fruits they won for thee.

5. Won 'mid struggling hopes and fears,
Won by sacrifice and tears:
As they labored, labor thou,
And thou shalt rest as they do now.

G. W. G.

[A chapter from Mr. Putnam's Holiday Season publication, "The Home-Book of the Picturesque," a national work, illustrative of American scenery, by American Artists and Authors; to which the late Mr. Cooper, Mr. Bryant, Dr. Bethune, Bayard Taylor, Alfred B. Street, &c., are also contributors in the literary department, while

the artistic is sustained by Cole, Durand, Huntington, Weir, Church, Richards, and others—a well conceived and liberal enterprise.]

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE Catskill, Katakil, or Cat River Mountains, derived their name, in the time of the Dutch domination, from the Catamounts by which they were infested; and which, with the bear, the wolf, and the deer, are still to be found in some of their most difficult recesses. The interior of these mountains is in the highest degree wild and romantic; here are rocky precipices mantled with primeval forests; deep gorges walled in by beetling cliffs, with torrents tumbling as it were from the sky; and savage glens rarely trodden excepting by the hunter. With all this internal rudeness, the aspect of these mountains towards the Hudson at times is eminently bland and beautiful, sloping down into a country softened by cultivation, and bearing much of the rich character of Italian scenery about the skirts of the Apennines.

The Catskills form an advanced post or lateral spur of the Great Alleghanian or Appalachian system of mountains which sweeps through the interior of our continent, from southwest to north-east, from Alabama to the extremity of Maine, for nearly fourteen hundred miles, belting the whole of our original confederacy, and rivalling our great system of lakes in extent and grandeur. Its vast ramifications comprise a number of parallel chains and lateral groups; such as the Cumberland Mountains, the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, the Delaware and Lehigh, the Highlands of the Hudson, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. In many of these vast ranges or sierras Nature still reigns in indomitable wildness; their rocky ridges, their rugged clefts and defiles, teem with magnificent vegetation. Here are looked up mighty forests that have never been invaded by the axe; deep umbrageous valleys where the virgin soil has never been outraged by the plough; bright streams flowing in untasked idleness, unburdened by commerce, unchecked by the mill-dam. This mountain zone is in fact the great poetical region of our country, resisting, like the tribes which once inhabited it, the taming hand of cultivation, and maintaining a hallowed ground for fancy and the muses. It is a magnificent and all-pervading feature, that might have given our country a name, and a poetical one, had not the all-controlling powers of common-place determined otherwise.

The Catskill Mountains, as I have observed, maintain all the internal wildness of the labyrinth of mountains with which they are connected. Their detached position, overlooking a wide lowland region, with the majestic Hudson rolling through it, has given them a distinct character, and rendered them at all times a rallying point for romance and fable. Much of the fanciful associations with which they have been clothed may be owing to their being peculiarly subject to those beautiful atmospheric effects which constitute one of the great charms of Hudson River scenery. To me they have ever been the fairy region of the Hudson. I speak, however, from early impressions, made in the happy days of boyhood, when all the world had a tinge of fairy-land. I

shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage up the Hudson in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much time; but we enjoyed the river then—we relished it as we did our wine, sip by sip, not, as at present, gulping all down at a draught without tasting it. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything which partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers on the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river, such as Spuyten Devil Creek, the Tappan Sea, the Devil's Dans-Kammer, and other hobgoblin places. The Catskill Mountains especially called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day slowly tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones into stars. The great Manitou, or master spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds; sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers—sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains, to swell the streams and sweep everything away. He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach, at others to recede; during the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze; as the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and later in the evening their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions concerning them was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the cloud-weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospheric phenomena of these mountains, the clouds which gather round their summits, and the thousand aerial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes. And here

let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and thrilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; and then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life!—and the splendors of our summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky—surely we may say that in our climate “the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork: day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night sheweth knowledge.”

A word more concerning the Catskills. It is not the Indians only to whom they have been a kind of wonder-land. In the early times of the Dutch dynasty we find them themes of golden speculation among even the sages of New Amsterdam. During the administration of Wilhelms Kieft there was a meeting between the Director of the New Netherlands and the chiefs of the Mohawk nation to conclude a treaty of peace. On this occasion the Director was accompanied by Mynheer Adriaen Van der Donk, Doctor of Laws, and subsequently historian of the colony. The Indian chiefs, as usual, painted and decorated themselves on the ceremony. One of them in so doing made use of a pigment, the weight and shining appearance of which attracted the notice of Kieft and his learned companion, who suspected it to be ore. They procured a lump of it, and took it back with them to New Amsterdam. Here it was submitted to the inspection of Johannes De la Montagne, an eminent Huguenot doctor of medicine, one of the counsellors of the New Netherlands. The supposed ore was forthwith put in a crucible and assayed, and to the great exultation of the junto yielded two pieces of gold, worth about three guilders. This golden discovery was kept a profound secret. As soon as the treaty of peace was adjusted with the Mohawks, William Kieft sent a trusty officer and a party of men under guidance of an Indian, who undertook to conduct them to the place where the ore had been found. We have no account of this gold-hunting expedition, nor of its whereabouts, excepting that it was somewhere on the Cat-

skill Mountains. The exploring party brought back a bucketful of ore. Like the former specimen it was submitted to the crucible of De la Montagne, and was equally productive of gold. All this we have on the authority of Doctor Van der Donk, who was an eye-witness of the process and its result, and records the whole in his Description of the New Netherlands.

William Kieft now dispatched a confidential agent, one Arent Corsen, to convey a sackful of the precious ore to Holland. Corsen embarked at New Haven in a British vessel bound to England, whence he was to cross to Rotterdam. The ship set sail about Christmas, but never reached her port. All on board perished.

In 1647, when the redoubtable Petrus Stuyvesant took command of the New Netherlands, William Kieft embarked, on his return to Holland, provided with further specimens of the Catskill Mountain ore; from which he doubtless indulged golden anticipations. A similar fate attended him with that which had befallen his agent. The ship in which he had embarked was cast away, and he and his treasure were swallowed in the waves.

Here closes the golden legend of the Catskills; but another one of similar import succeeds. In 1649, about two years after the shipwreck of Wilhelms Kieft, there was again rumor of precious metals in these mountains. Mynheer Brant Arent Van Slechtenhorst, agent of the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck, had purchased in behalf of the Patroon a tract of the Catskill lands, and leased it out in farms. A Dutch lass in the household of one of the farmers found one day a glittering substance, which, on being examined, was pronounced silver ore. Brant Van Slechtenhorst forthwith sent his son from Rensselaerswyck to explore the mountains in quest of the supposed mines. The young man put up in the farmer's house, which had recently been erected on the margin of a mountain stream. Scarcely was he housed when a furious storm burst forth on the mountains. The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, the rain came down in cataracts; the stream was suddenly swollen to a furious torrent thirty feet deep; the farm-house and all its contents were swept away, and it was only by dint of excellent swimming that young Slechtenhorst saved his own life and the lives of his horses. Shortly after this a feud broke out between Peter Stuyvesant and the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck on account of the right and title to the Catskill Mountains, in the course of which the elder Slechtenhorst was taken captive by the Potentate of the New Netherlands, and thrown into prison at New Amsterdam.

We have met with no record of any further attempt to get at the treasures of the Catskill; adventurers may have been discouraged by the ill luck which appeared to attend all who meddled with them, as if they were under the guardian keep of the same spirits or goblins who once haunted the mountains and ruled over the weather.

That gold and silver ore was actually procured from these mountains in days of yore, we have historical evidence to prove, and the recorded word of Adriaen Van der Donk, a man of weight, who was an eye-witness. If gold and silver were once to be found there, they must be there at present. It remains to be seen, in these gold-hunting days, whether the quest will be renewed, and some

daring adventurer, fired with a true Californian spirit, will penetrate the mysteries of these mountains and open a golden region on the borders of the Hudson.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—N. D. N., J. H. J., A Constant Reader, H. R. S. received.

ERRATUM.—In last No., p. 322, fifteenth line from top first column, for *imaginative* read *unimaginative*.

AMERICAN.

MR. WM. STEWART, Hagerstown, Maryland, is now publishing a new edition of Dr. James Gray on the Priesthood of Melchisedec. The title runs—“A Dissertation on the Coincidence between the Priesthood of Jesus Christ and Melchisedec, in three parts; in which the passages of Scripture relating to that subject, in the 14th ch. of Genesis, the 90th Psalm, and the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews, are explained: together with a sketch of the Life of Jesus Christ. By James Gray, D.D. William Stewart, Hagerstown, 1851.” In its first edition this was pronounced by reviewers to be a lucid and interesting work. Dr. Ducachet of Philadelphia, says it makes plain as day the intricate and difficult subject treated of. To this new edition is added, a Review of Southey's *Life of Wesley*, and other miscellaneous matter, from the pen of Dr. Gray.

Mr. Stewart is about publishing a new work by Dr. Gray; being his *Version, Annotations, and Criticism on the Book of Ecclesiastes*.

MR. W. S. MARTIN, Philadelphia, has in press—*Chapters on the Shorter Catechism; a Tale for the Instruction of Youth, by a Clergyman's Daughter. The Oath a Divine Ordinance*, by Rev. D. X. Junkin, D.D., 2d edition. *The Decision; or, Religion must be All or is Nothing*, by Grace Kennedy. *The Greek Boy and the Sabbath School*, by C. P. Castanis. Part III., *Why am I a Presbyterian? The Mother's Catechism for a Young Child*.

MR. W. P. CHAMPLIN proposes to publish a *Biographical Dictionary of the Ministers, Preachers, and Evangelists of the Universalist Denomination, from the Mission of our Saviour down to the Present Time*.

MESSRS. JAS. MUNROE & Co. have just published the second volume of *American Unitarian Biography; or, Memoirs of Individuals who have been Distinguished by their Writings, Character, and Efforts in the cause of Liberal Christianity*. Edited by Rev. William Ware; containing, Dr. Pierce, Dr. Tuckerman, Dr. Channing, Judge Story, Dr. Buckminster, Prof. Frisbie, Dr. Parker, Rev. Mr. Thatcher, Rev. John Bartlett, Rev. Henry Colman, Judge Howe, N. A. Haven, I. Gallison, and Anthony Foster.

A report of the Great Conspiracy Case—the People *versus* Abel F. Fitch and others, for destroying the property and business of the Michigan Central Railroad Company—has been published in an octavo of 866 pages, at the office of the Detroit Free Press, and is for sale by Messrs. DEWITT & DAVENPORT, New York.

Littell's *Living Age*, No. 389, for November, is issued promptly to-day. The Character of Louis Napoleon, from the London Morning Chronicle; English Synonyms, from Fraser's Magazine; and the Tower of Fontenay, from Chambers's Papers for the People; are very interesting articles. Besides these there is the usual chronicle of passing events, reviews of books, &c., foreign and domestic.

MR. GEORGE S. APPLETON has recently removed his business from Chestnut street, Philadelphia, to No. 6 Barclay street, in this city, and now announces as ready in the various styles of binding, suitable for Holiday Gifts—*The Life and Works of Burns*, in 8vo., by Allan Cunningham, himself a Sculptor, Painter, and Poet; Egerton Brydges's edition of Milton's

Poetical Works, complete, and Paradise Lost, each in octavo, with John Martin's illustrations; Scott's Poetical Works, in 8vo.; Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, each with many fine steel engravings. Also, Keble's Christian Year, and Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works. Lastly, but not least in importance, are some half hundred various Juvenile books—from Rhymes for the Nursery to a Primer, Mother Goose's Melodies, &c., and all the way up past Sandford and Merton, Lazy Lawrence, &c., to Natural History, Science, and the end of the matter. Mr. Appleton is well known for his beautiful juvenile publications.

DEWITT & DAVENPORT have in press a new work from the pen of Miss Jewsbury.

Messrs. PRATT, WOODFORD & Co. have in press a High School edition of Prof. Dodd's Elementary and Practical Arithmetic. They have now ready new editions of Dr. Bullions's Grammars, English, Latin, and Greek. Also, Olney's Geography, in quarto, with the maps, cuts, &c., thrown into the body of the work, in the late improved and popular style.

Archibald Alexander, DD., LL.D., Professor of Theology at Princeton, N. J., died there on the 21st of last month, in his eightieth year. He was born in Virginia the 17th of April, 1772; educated at Liberty Hall Academy, and licensed to preach October 11, 1791. In 1797, at the age of 25, he became President of Hampden Sydney College. From 1806 to 1812 he was pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, whence he was summoned by the General Assembly of the Church to be first Professor in the Princeton Theological Seminary just then founded, which Chair it is said he occupied until a short time before his death. He was a constant contributor to the Princeton Review (now in its 27th year of publication), and his prominent works are:—(1) "The Evidences of the Christian Religion;" (2) "A Treatise on the Canon of Scripture;" (3) "The Evidences of the Authenticity, Inspiration, and Canonical Authority of the Scriptures;" (4) Thoughts on Religion: a Compend of Bible Truth;" (5) "A History of Colonization on the Western Coast of Africa."

Three of his six sons are clergymen. James W. Alexander, D.D., the eldest, has been for many years Professor in the College of New Jersey. Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D., is Professor of Oriental Literature at Princeton Theological Seminary, and author of two large octavos on the Earlier and Later Prophecies of Isaiah, and an Abridgment of the whole in two duodecimos. The other son, we believe, is also at Princeton.

From "The Western Literary Advertiser," published by H. W. DERBY & Co., we glean the following of Cincinnati:—A Youth's Lyceum of Natural Science has been organized by some lads connected with business. They already possess a library and a cabinet of specimens. Several additions have been made to the Western Art-Union. Two Landscapes by Whitbridge; The Boy and Dogs, by Ranney; Two Pictures by Kummer; and the Spirit of Beauty, by Eaton, are spoken of as having character, interest, and beauty. Also belonging to the collection, are pictures by Cropsey, Mrs. Spencer, Woodside, McConcey, and others of New York. The eighteenth annual course of lectures of the Law Department of Cincinnati College were commenced last month. Judges Charles P. James and R. B. Warden, and M. E. Curwen and J. B. Stallo, Esq., are the heads of this branch. Messrs. J. A. & A. P. James have just published a Traveller's Companion for the Western and Southern States, with maps and illustrations, and notes, executed with great care. The Cincinnati Trade Sale of Books, Stereotype Plates, &c., commenced the 18th of October. Messrs. H. W. Derby & Co. themselves have just published a new edition of the

Kentucky Reports in 47 octavo volumes; an Introduction to American Law, by T. Walker; and Gwynne on the Law of Sheriff and Coroner. Also, Gregory's Outlines of Chemistry, Homœopathic Physician, and Book of American Masonry. Messrs. Moore & Anderson have published a History of England; Miller's Legends of Scotland; and Cavaliers of the Cross—all noticed by us recently.

Mr. B. M. NORMAN, Traveller, Author, Publisher, at his well known establishment, No. 14 Camp street, New Orleans, receives for sale the current publications of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Periodicals, serials, and cloth-bound tomes as they appear; and besides these a full assortment of fine Stationery and Fine Art articles.

A daily journal—the Tribune—gives us an estimate, made long within the mark, of the Public Free Schools in New York city proper. It says, at the present time New York, with a population of half a million, has one Free Academy, two Colleges, twenty-eight Ward Schools, composed of boys' departments 28, girls' departments 28, primary departments 30, with 14 Corporate Schools, independent of 18 Public Schools, with boys' departments 18, girls' departments 18, primary departments 72—all under the care of the Public School Society, with two Normal Schools for the benefit of Teachers, held at Trustees' Hall in Grand st., near Elm street, with Schools now being erected in the Vth and XVth Wards. The whole number of persons taught in all the various Schools and Institutions of the City does not vary far from 127,000, showing an increase of over 100,000 in the space of 22 years, a degree of progress that has no parallel in the history of the world thus far. The whole number of persons employed in teaching, so far as it is possible to ascertain, is 1,227, independent of Sabbath and Parochial Schools.

It is said that the late Judge Woodbury had just before his death commenced arranging his own writings for publication. It is to be hoped that they may still be given to the world. The same rumor says, Mr. Van Buren is employing his leisure in preparing a permanent record of his political life.

There are five religious newspapers published in the Welsh language in the United States, as follows:—*The Cysfaill* (Friend), a Calvinistic, or Whitefield Methodist paper, published in New York; *The Cenhador* (Missionary), Congregationalist, published in Remsen, Oneida co., New York, where also is published a general newspaper, called *The Detholydd* (Eclectic); *The Seren Orllewinol* (Western Star), Baptist, published at Pottsville, Pa.; *The Drych* (Mirror), New York. These circulate among the Welsh emigrants in this country, of which it is estimated there are 200,000 in number.

FOREIGN.

MURRAY's new London announcements of the present season are—A "History of England under the Houses of York and Lancaster," by a gentleman, whose name is represented by a mysterious blank line. A new work by Dr. Layard, entitled "Fresh Discoveries at Nineveh, and Researches at Babylon." A new work by Sir Francis Head, with the facetious title, "All my Eye." "Some Account of the Danes and Northmen in England, Scotland, and Ireland," by J. J. A. Worsaae, of Copenhagen. "Lives of the three Devereux, Earls of Sussex," by the Hon. Captain Devereux. "Personal Narrative of an Englishman domesticated in Abyssinia," by Mansfield Parkyns, Esq. "An Illustrated Classical Mythology and Biography," by Dr. William Smith. "Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata," by Sir Woodbine Parish. Two new vols. of Grote's "History of Greece." An "Official Handbook," and "Handbooks" of Familiar Quota-

tions, of Chronology, of Architecture, of the Cathedrals of England, of England and Wales, of Syria and the Holy Land, and of the Environs of London.

Messrs. LONGMANS announce—"Hippolytus and his Age; or, Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus," by the Chevalier Bunsen. "Lectures on the History of France," by Professor Sir James Stephen. "China during the War and since the Peace, including Translations of Secret State Papers," by Sir J. F. Davis, Bart. "A History of the English Railways," by John Francis. "English Agriculture in 1850 and 1851; its Conditions and Prospects," by the Agricultural Commissioner of "The Times." "Sketches of English Literature," by Mrs. C. L. Balfour. "Symbols and Emblems of Early and Mediæval Christian Art," by Louisa Twining. "Protestantism and Popery Contrasted," by the Rev. J. E. Cox. A new edition of Sir W. J. Hooker's "Muscologia Britannica." New illustrated editions of Moore's "Lalla Rookh" and "Irish Melodies," and several important commercial and educational works.

The new number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains articles on—Comparative Philology, Bopp; Denistoun's Dukes of Urbino; Sources of Expression in Architecture, Ruskin; Juvenile Delinquents; Mirabeau's Correspondence; The Metamorphoses of Apuleius; Neapolitan Justice; The Anglo-Catholic Theory; The Catalogue of the Great Exhibition.

The *Quarterly* contains—Widow Burning in India; Life of Bishop Ken; Puritanism in the Highlands; Mirabeau and Count de la Marek; Sir Thomas Browne, Wilkin's Edition; The Lexington Papers; Lyell on Life and its Development; Papal Pretensions; Revolutionary Literature, French and English.

BENTLEY promises "A Refutation of the charge of imposition and fraud, recently made at the Police Court of Birmingham against the Baroness Von Beck, based upon authentic documentary evidence, collected by Constant Derra de Moroda."

Bayard Taylor, in a letter from London in the *Tribune*, reports:—"The literary world of London is almost depopulated at present. I was fortunate enough to meet Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, two of England's noblest poets, before their departure for Paris, whither they have gone to spend the winter. William and Mary Howitt have just left for the country. Their daughter, Anna Mary Howitt, who has been studying at Munich under the painter Kaulbach, is now with them, on account of her health, which had become impaired by a too enthusiastic devotion to her art. Carlyle left on Wednesday, on a visit to Lord Ashburton, at Passy, near Paris, after which he intends making a pedestrian tour through Normandy. His Life of Sterling is completed, and will be published here in about two weeks. Tennyson is now in Florence, where he will remain a year or more. His brother, who married an Italian lady, has been a resident of that city for some time. I have been glad to find again, six years since I saw him in Switzerland, Germany's most persecuted poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath. His family has recently joined him, and he has decided to remain here, instead of going to America, as was his first intention. In spite of the trials through which he has gone, he is cheerful and hopeful, and seems happier than when I first saw him in exile. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, the panegyrist of America, and one of the most courageous travellers I ever met, is now here, and is about publishing a poem on the Great Exhibition. At Birmingham I met with my friend Buchanan Read, several of whose pictures have been purchased by Mr. Joseph Pickering, of that place. Mr. Read is now on his way to America. Mr. Greenough, the sculptor, is here also on his way home."

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 18TH OF OCTOBER TO THE 1ST OF NOVEMBER.

Abbott (Jacob).—Young Christian Series. Vol. I.—The Young Christian. Illust. 12mo. pp. 492. (Harper & Bros.)

Arvine's Cyclopædia of Anecdotes of Literature and the Fine Arts. Parts I. and II. 8vo. pp. 88, 96. (Boston, Gould & Lincoln.)

Boys' and Girls' Country Book, by Uncle Frank. Illust. 16mo. pp. 171. (C. S. Scribner.)

Butler (Mrs. Caroline H.).—Life in Varied Phases, Illustrated in a Series of Sketches. 12mo. pp. 288. (Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co.)

Carlyle (T.).—The Life of John Sterling. 12mo. pp. 344. (Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co.)

Cheever (Rev. H. T.).—Memorials of the Life and Trials of a Youthful Christian in pursuit of health, as developed in the Biography of Nathaniel Cheever, M.D., with an Introduction by Rev. G. B. Cheever. 12mo. pp. 355. (C. Scribner.)

Confessions of a Housekeeper. Illust. 12mo. pp. 214. (Phila. Lippincott, Grambo & Co.)

Cressy (E. J.).—The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo. 12mo. pp. 364. (Harper & Bros.)

Dennis (W. R.).—A Genealogical Memoir of the Leonard Family. 8vo. pp. 20. (Office of New England Historic Genealogical Register, etc., Boston.)

Doane (Rt. Rev. G. W.).—Second Baccalaureate Address at Burlington College. 8vo. pp. 20. (Phila., King & Baird.)

Epitaphs from Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Boston, with notes by Thomas Bridgman. 12mo. pp. 260.

Fabius (J. W.).—The Camel Hunt: a Narrative of Personal Adventure. 12mo. pp. 219. (Boston and Cambridge, J. Munroe & Co.)

Falconbridge.—Dan Marble: a Biographical Sketch. Illust. 12mo. pp. 236. (Dewitt & Davenport.)

Goodrich (S. G.).—A Pictorial Natural History, for the Use of Schools. Illust. 12mo. pp. 415. (Boston, J. Munroe & Co.)

Greeley (H.).—Glances at Europe, in a Series of Letters during the Summer of 1851, including Notices of the Great Exhibition. 12mo. pp. 350. (Dewitt & Davenport.)

Hall (J. R.).—Instructor's Manual; or, Lectures on School Keeping. Revised ed. 18mo. pp. 234. (Boston, J. P. Jewett.)

Junkin (D. X.).—The Oath. Second edition. 12mo. pp. 223. (Phila., W. S. Marten.)

King (W.).—Gospel Harmony chronologically arranged. Fourth edition, enlarged. 18mo. pp. 225. (M. W. Dodd.)

Lowe (Rev. T.).—A Manual of the Christian Atonement. 16mo. pp. 153. (M. W. Dodd.)

Lee (Eliza B.).—Florence, the Parish Orphan; and a Sketch of the Village in the last century. 16mo. pp. 176. (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields.)

Life and Adventures of an Arkansas Doctor. Illust. 12mo. pp. 170. (Phila., Lippincott, Grambo & Co.)

Little Elsie and Little Jemmy; being entertaining Stories for Youth. 18mo. pp. 81. Many cuts. (Stanford & Swords.)

Lynch (W. F., U.S.N.).—Naval Life; or, Observations Afloat and Ashore. The Midshipman. 12mo. pp. 306. (C. Scribner.)

Muensher (J.).—The Church Choir; a Collection of Sacred Music for the Organ and Piano-forte. Ob. 4to. pp. 431. (L. N. Whiting, Columbus. Stanford & Swords, N. Y.)

Pickett (A. J.).—History of Alabama, and incidentally of Georgia and Mississippi, from the earliest period. Second ed. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 377, 445. (Charleston, Walker & James.)

Putnam's Home Cyclopædia of Literature and the Fine Arts, compiled and arranged by George Ripley and Bayard Taylor. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 647. (G. P. Putnam.)

Schoolcraft (H. R.).—Personal Memoirs of a Residence of Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes on the American Frontiers, with Brief Notices of Passing Events, Facts, and Opinions. A.D. 1812 to 1842. 8vo. pp. 704. (Phila., Lippincott, Grambo & Co.)

Schultz & Zumpt.—Excerpta ex P. Ovidii Nasonis Carminibus. 18mo. pp. 245. (Phila., Blanchard & Lea.)

Suddard (R. H.).—Poems. 16mo. pp. 127. (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields.)

Strickland (Agnes).—Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 492. (Harper & Bros.)

Sweed (M. J., Ph. D.).—The I. II. III. Philippics of Demosthenes. 12mo. pp. 240. (Boston and Cambridge, J. Munroe & Co.)

Sir Roger de Coverley. By the Spectator. 16mo. pp. 23. (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields.)

Taylor (J. J.).—Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty. Discourses. 12mo. pp. 349. (C. S. Francis & Co.)

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